Auguſt.

Of Roſalend (who knowes not Roſalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearſe.

Perigot.

Now ſay it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle ſadde.

VVilly.

Fayth of my ſoule, thou ſhalt yerouned be
In *Colins* ſtede, if thou this ſong areede:
For neuer thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then liſtneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE waſtefull woodes beare witneſſe of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound:
Ye careleſſe byrds are pryuie to my crye,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleaſaunt ſpring haſt luld me oft a ſleepe,
Whoſe ſtreames my tricklinge teares did eke
Reſort of people doth my greefs augment, (augment.
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow Echo of my carefull crye,
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my loue did part,
Whoſe waylefull want debarres myne eyes from ſleepe
Let ſtremes of teares ſupply the place of ſleepe:
Let all that ſweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, draw neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my ſorrowes to reſound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with crye,
When I them ſee ſo waiſt, and fynd no part
Of pleaſure paſt. Here will I dwell apart
In gaſtfull groue therefore, till my laſt ſleepe
Doe cloſe mine eyes: ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch a chaunge my reſtleſſe woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Ys ſigne of dreery death, my deadly crye

Mo

Auguſ

Moſt ruthfully to tune. And as m
(Which of my woe cannot bew
You beare all night, when natu
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome p
Thus all the night in plaints, t
I vowed haue to wayſt, till saf
She home returne, whoſe voyces
To cheerefull ſongs can chaun
Hence with the Nightingale
That bleſſed byrd, that ſpends
In ſongs and plaintiue pleas,
The memory of hys miſdeede,
And you that feele no woe, | whe
Of theſe my nightly crye | ye
Let breake your ſounder ſleepe

Perigot.

O *Colin, Colin,* the ſhepheards jo
How I admire ech turning of
And *Cuddie,* freſh *Cuddie* the liefe
How dolefully his doole thou

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes ſhephea
The night nigheth faſt, yts time

Perigot his Em
Vincenti glor

Willyes Embl
Vinto non v

Cuddies Emb
Felice chi

GLOSSI

Beſtadde) diſpoſed, ordered.
Raſte) bereft, depriued.

Peregall) eq
Miſyvent) gon